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RIVES AND RAPID TRANSIT.



To hear counsel of the Rapid-Transit Commission argue against the Elsbere bill that it prevents competition and gives the merger a monopoly of future subways is enough to make Father Knickerbocker sit up and rub his eyes.

But in fact, Mr. George L. Rives is consistent with Mr. Boardman's four years of opposition to the Elsbere bill. What he objects to in it is not the Grady amendment, but the provision that limits lease and renewal to forty years.

"No new company," says Mr. Rives, "could come into the field and build power-houses and equip a road on a twenty-year lease and a twenty-year renewal clause" and make money. This is nonsense, and every operating railroad man knows that it is nonsense.

A forty-year contract would be a gold mine. Monopoly will be assured not by that cause but by the Grady amendment.

Of course Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belmont would prefer not to have the Elsbere bill signed. They have drawn its teeth by the Grady amendment, but there are still in it provisions of public value, such as the pipe-gallery clause and the clause giving the Mayor power to fill vacancies in the Rapid-Transit Commission.

But why does the counsel of the commission come forward at every juncture to plead for Ryan and Belmont? This is what the people cannot understand.

It is one reason why they want the Mayor and the Governor to sign this bill.

THE SMOKE CRUSADE.

Commissioner Darlington is prosecuting smoke-law violations with admirable vigor. His drag-net in one day caught hotel managers, building owners, factory superintendents and firemen to the number of fifteen. It promises to be the most effective movement of the kind yet undertaken. The Commissioner has the law on his side, the support of public sentiment and the co-operation of civic bodies. The outlook for clear skies and a clean atmosphere is good.

From the outcry of outraged protest on the part of the offenders it might be imagined that business interests are endangered. In fact, a hotel-keeper alleges that to put a ban on the use of soft coal will virtually be serving notice on the hotels to close. But this is the exaggeration of forebodings. The complaint is not with the character of the fuel, but with the smoke, for which lack of intelligent stoking is responsible. It is feasible to burn soft coal without smoke. Where it is produced in offensive volume there is fault somewhere.

Why not try to consume it? It is perfectly practicable and easy to do and would be more to the point than protests. Likewise it would be more economical, for smoke is fuel lost.

"And the Goblins Will Git You if You Don't Watch Out."

By J. Campbell Cory.



A Group of Oddities in Picture and Story.

THE old "cannon trick" has taken a new form in London under the title "The human bullet," and is one of the season's favorite "death defies." The huge gun, worked by compressed air, fires a man into space. This projectile issues from the cannon's mouth at terrific velocity and is caught by a net. The cannon is so big that some forty seats have been removed from the dress circle to make way for it.

A New South Wales farmer went out the other day and tied his small dog to a fence. On his return he found a large carpet snake attached to the end of the leash and no signs of the dog.

It is a mistaken idea that nuns are only to be found in the Christian religion. There are holy orders for women in many creeds. Notably among the Buddhists of Ceylon. The Buddhist nuns whose portraits are here shown belong to a religious caste beloved by Europeans and natives alike for their kindness to the poor. They keep their heads shaved, and eschew all speculation about God and the universe, preferring to set themselves solely to charitable work, which in their case are many and varied.

The Japanese are rapidly becoming wearers of knitted goods.

Among the natives of Italy and Sicily there are about 100,000 who speak French; German is spoken by 12,000; Slavic by 20,000; Albanian by 10,000; Greek by 10,000; and Catalan by 10,000.

The various official proceedings in connection with the separation of Norway from Sweden cost the latter country just \$77,775, according to the Swedish budget.



The day of the "deposed king" is supposed to be almost over. When a forced abdication occurs the papers of the whole civilized world are full of it. Yet here are four kings who have been deposed during the past few years, without the world at large caring to notice the fact. They are Tofa, Samari, Ahmadou and Behanzin, a quartet of African sovereigns whom France quietly deposed and sent into obscurity.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Felix, a young man of the Duke de St. Quentin, comes to Paris to join his mother. He is the only son of the Duke de St. Quentin, a French nobleman. He is a handsome, well-educated young man. He is the only son of the Duke de St. Quentin, a French nobleman. He is a handsome, well-educated young man. He is the only son of the Duke de St. Quentin, a French nobleman. He is a handsome, well-educated young man.

CHAPTER XII.
The Comte de Mar.

(Continued.)

"AND she—" "Is cousin and ward to the Duke of Mayenne. Yes, and my heart's desire."

"Monsieur—" "Aye, you begin to see it now," he cried vehemently.

"You see why I have stuck to Paris these three years, why I could not follow my father into exile. It was more than a handful of pistoles caused the breach with monsieur; more than a quarrel over Gervais de Grammont. That was the spark kindled the powder, but the train was laid."

"Then you, monsieur, were a Leaguer?" "Nay, I was not," he cried. "To my credit—or my shame, as you choose—I was not. I was neither one nor the other, neither fish nor flesh. My father thought me a Leaguer, but I was not. I was not disloyal, in deed at least, to the house that bore me. Monsieur reviled me for a skulker, a fainter; nom de dieu, he might have remembered his own three years of idleness!"

"Monsieur held out for his religion?" "Mademoiselle is my religion," he cried, and then laughed, not merrily.

"Pardieu! for all my pains I have not won her. I have skulked and evaded and temporized—for nothing. I would not join the League and break my father's heart; would not stand out against it and lose Lorraine. I have been trying these three years to please both the god and the empress—with the usual ending. I have pleased nobody. I am out of Mayenne's books; he made me overtures and I refused him. I am out of my father's books; he thinks me a traitor and parasite. And I am out of mademoiselle's; she despises me for a leaguer. Had I gone in with Mayenne I had won her. Had I gone with monsieur I was sure of a command in King Henry's army. But I, wanting both, got neither. Between two stools I fall miserably to the ground. I am but a dawdler, a do-nothing, the butt and laughing stock of all brave men."

"But I am done with stilly-shilly!" he added, catching his breath. "For once I shall do something. Mlle. de Montluc has given me a last chance. She has sent for me and I go. If I fall dead on her threshold I at least die looking at her."

"Monsieur, monsieur," I cried in despair. "You will not die looking at her, for you will die out here in the street, and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."

"That is as may be. At least I shall make the attempt. A month back I sent her a letter. I found it tonight in Lucas's doublet. She thinks me careless of her. I must go."

"Monsieur, you are mad," I cried. "You have said yourself Mayenne is likely to be behind Lucas. If you go you will walk into the enemies' very jaws. It is a trap, a lure."

"Sch! how dare you say that?" he interrupted with quick-blazing ire. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with Mlle. de Montluc."

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"But, monsieur—" "Silence!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistol. The St. Quentin had ever the most abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how monstrous in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his son. And I remembered, too, that monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. Nonetheless, I liked not the look of this affair, and I attempted further warnings.

"Monsieur, in my opinion—" "You are not here to hold opinions, Felix, but your tongue."

I did at that, and stood back from the bed to let him do as he liked him. He rose and went over to the chair where his clothes lay, only to drop into it half swooning. I ran to the eider and dashed half the water in it into his face.

"Peste, you need not drown me!" he cried testily. "I am well; it was but a moment's dizziness." He got up again at once, but was forced to seize my shoulder to keep from falling.

"It was that damnable potion he made me drink," he muttered. "I am all well else; I am not weak. Curse the room; it feels about like a ship at sea."

I put my arm about him and led him back to bed; nor did he argue about it, but lay back with his eyes shut, so white against the white bed linen I thought him fainting for sure. But before I could drop him again he raised his lids.

"Felix, will you go get a shutter? For I see clearly that I shall reach Mlle. de Montluc this night in no other way."

"Monsieur," I said, "I can go. I can tell your mistress you cannot walk across this room tonight. I can do my best for you, M. Etienne."

"My faith! I think I must e'en let you try. But what to bid you say to her—pardieu! I scarce know what I could say to her myself."

"I can tell her how sorely you are hurt—how you would come, but cannot."

"And make her believe it," he cried eagerly. "Do not let her think it a flimsy excuse. And yet I do think she will believe you," he added with half a laugh. "There is something very trustworthy about you, Felix. And assure her of my lifelong, never-failing service."

"But I thought monsieur was going to take service with Henry of Navarre."

"I was!" he cried. "Am! Oh, Felix, was ever a poor wight so harried and torn betwixt two as I? Whom Jupiter would destroy he first makes mad. I shall be gibbering in a cage before I have done with it."

"Monsieur will be gibbering in his bed unless he sleeps soon. I go now, monsieur."

"And good luck to you!" Felix, I offer you no reward for this midnight journey into the house of our enemies. For recompense you will see her."

CHAPTER XIII.
Mademoiselle.

I WENT to find Maitre Menard, to urge upon him that some one should stay with M. Etienne while I was gone lest he swooned or became light-headed. But the surgeon himself was present, having returned from bandaging up some common skull to see how his noble patient rested. He promised that he would stay the night with M. le Comte; so passed of that care, I set out for the Hotel de Lorraine, one of the inn servants with a flambeau coming along to guide and guard me. M. Etienne was a favorite in this inn of Maitre Menard's; they did not stop to ask whether he had money in his purse before falling over one another in their eagerness to serve him. It is my opinion that one gets more out of the world by dint of fair words than by a long purse or a long sword.



"I dared not deny him further!"

We had not gone a block from the inn before I turned to the right-about, to the impatience of my escort.

"Nay, Jean, I must go back," I said. "I will only delay a moment, but see Maitre Menard I must."

He was still in the cabaret, where the crowd was thinning.

"Now what brings you back?" "This, maitre," said I, drawing him into a corner. "M. le Comte has been in a fever to-night, as you perceive may have divined. His melancholy gave us the slip. And I am not easy for monsieur while this Lucas is at large. He has the devil's own cunning and malice; he might track him here to the Three Lanterns. Therefore, maitre, I beg you to admit no one to M. le Comte—no one on any business whatsoever. Not if he comes from the Duke of Mayenne himself."

"I won't admit the Sixteen themselves," the maitre declared.

"There is one man you may admit," I conceded. "Vigo, M. de St. Quentin's quarry. You will know him for the biggest man in France."

"Good. And this other; what is he like?" "He is young," I said, "not above four or five and twenty. Tall and slim—oh, without doubt a

must ally himself with the treacherous blood of Lorraine?"

I had seen a sample of the League's work to-day, and I liked it not. If Mayenne were, as you-guessed surmised, Lucas's lackey, I marvelled that my master cared to enter his house; I marvelled that he cared to send his servant there. Yet I went none the less readily for that; I was here to do his bidding. Nor was I greatly alarmed for my own skin; I thought myself too small to be worth my Lord Mayenne's powder. But I had, I confess, a lively curiosity to behold the interior of the greatest house in Paris, the very core and centre of the League. Belike if it had not been for the terror of this young damoiselle I had stepped along cheerfully enough.

Though the hour was late many people still loitered in the streets, the clear summer night, and all of them were talking of politics. As Jean and I passed at a rapid pace the groups under the wine shop lanterns we caught always the names of Mayenne and Navarre. Everywhere they asked the same two questions: Was it true that Henry was coming into the Church? And if so, what would Mayenne do next? I perceived that old Maitre Jacques of the Amour de Dieu knew what he was talking about; the people of Paris were sick to death of the League and their intrigues, galled to desperation under the yoke of the Sixteen.

Mayenne's fine new hotel in the Rue St. Antoine was lighted as for a fête. From its open windows came sounds of gay laughter and rattling dice. You might have thought them keeping carnival in the midst of a happy and loyal city. If the Lieutenant-General found anything to vex him in the present situation he did not let the commonalty know it.

The Duke of Mayenne's house, like my duke's, was guarded by men-at-arms; but his grilles were thrown back, while his soldiers lounged on the stone benches in the archway. Some of them were talking to a little knot of street idlers who had gathered about the entrance, while others, with the aid of a torch and a greasy pack of cards, were playing lansquenet.

I knew no way to do but to ask openly for Mlle. de Montluc, declaring that I came on behalf of the Comte de Mar.

"That is right; you are to enter," the captain of the guard replied at once. "But you are not the Comte de Mar yourself? Nay, no need to ask," he added with a laugh. "A pretty count you would make."

"I am his servant," I said. "I am charged with a message for mademoiselle."

"Well, my orders were to admit the count, but I suppose you may go in. If mademoiselle cannot find her lover it were cruel to deny her the consolation of a message."

A laugh went up and one of the gamblers looked round to say:

"It has gone hard with mademoiselle lately, sanglante! Here's the Comte de Mar has not set foot in the house for a month or more, and M. Paul for a quarter of a year is vanished off the face of the earth. It seemed as if she must take the little cheese or nothing. But now things are looking up with her. M. Paul has walked calmly in, and here is a messenger at least from the other."

"But M. Paul has walked calmly out again," a third soldier took up the tale. "He did not stay very long, for all mademoiselle's graces."

"Then I warrant 'twas mademoiselle sent him off with a flea in his ear," another cried. "She looks higher than a bastard, even Le Balafre's own."

"She had better take care how she flouts Paul de Lorraine," came the retort; but the captain bade

me march along. I followed him into the house, leaving Jean to be edified, no doubt, by a whole history, false and true, concerning Mlle. de Montluc. We went down before the lofty of the earth, we unclimbed, but behind their backs there is none with whose names we make so free. And there we have the advantage of our masters, for they know little of our private matters, while we know everything of theirs.

In the hall the captain turned me over to a lackey, who conducted me through a couple of antechambers to a curtained doorway whence issued a merry confusion of voices and laughter. He passed in while I remained to undergo the scrutiny of the pair of flunkies whose repose we had invaded. But in a moment my guide appeared again, lifting the curtain for me to enter.

The big room was ablaze with candles set in mirrored sconces along the walls, set also in silver candelabra on the tables. There was a crowd of people in the place, a hundred it seemed to my dazzled eyes; grouped, most of them, about the tables set up and down, either taking hands themselves at cards or dice or betting on those who did. Buff soldiers in breastplate and jack-boots were not wanting in the throng, but the larger number of the gallants were brave in silken doublets and spottless ruffs, as became a noble's drawing-room. And the ladies! morden, what am I to say of them? Tricked out in every gay color under the sun, agleam with jewels—oh bien, the ladies of St. Quentin, that I had thought so fine, were but serving maids to these.

I stood blinking, dazed by the lights and the crowd and the chatter, unable in the first moment to note clearly any face in the congregation of strange countenances. Nor would it have helped me if I could, for here close about were a dozen fair women, any one of whom might be Mlle. de Montluc. My heart hammered in my throat. I knew not whom to address. But a young noble near by, dazzling in a suit of pink, took the burden on himself.

"I heard Mar's name; yet you are not M. de Mar, I think."

He spoke with a languid but none the less teasing derision. In truth I must have resembled a little brown hare suddenly turned out of a bag in the midst of that gorgeous company.

"No," I stammered; "I am his servant. I seek Mlle. de Montluc."

"I have wondered what has become of Etienne de Mar this last month," spoke a second young gentleman, advancing from his place behind a fair one's chair. He was neither so pretty nor so fine as the other, but in his short, stocky figure and square face there was a force which his comrade lacked. He regarded me with a far keener glance as he asked:

"Peste! he must be in low water if this is the best he can do for a lackey."

"Perhaps the fellow's errand is to beg an advance from Mlle. de Montluc," suggested the pink youth.

"Who speaks my name?" a clear voice called; and a lady, laying down her hand at cards, rose and came toward me.

She was clad in amber satin. She was tall and she carried herself with stately grace. Her black hair shadowed a cheek as purely white and pink as that of any yellow-lipped Frisian girl, while her eyes, under their sooty lashes, shone blue as corn flowers.

I began to understand M. Etienne.

"Who is it wants me?" she repeated, and catching sight of me stood regarding me in some surprise, not unfriendly, waiting for me to explain myself. But before I could find my tongue the man in pink answered her with his soft drawl:

"Be Continued."